

The Gleamer



GRADUATION NUMBER

FEBRUARY, NINETEEN TWENTY.

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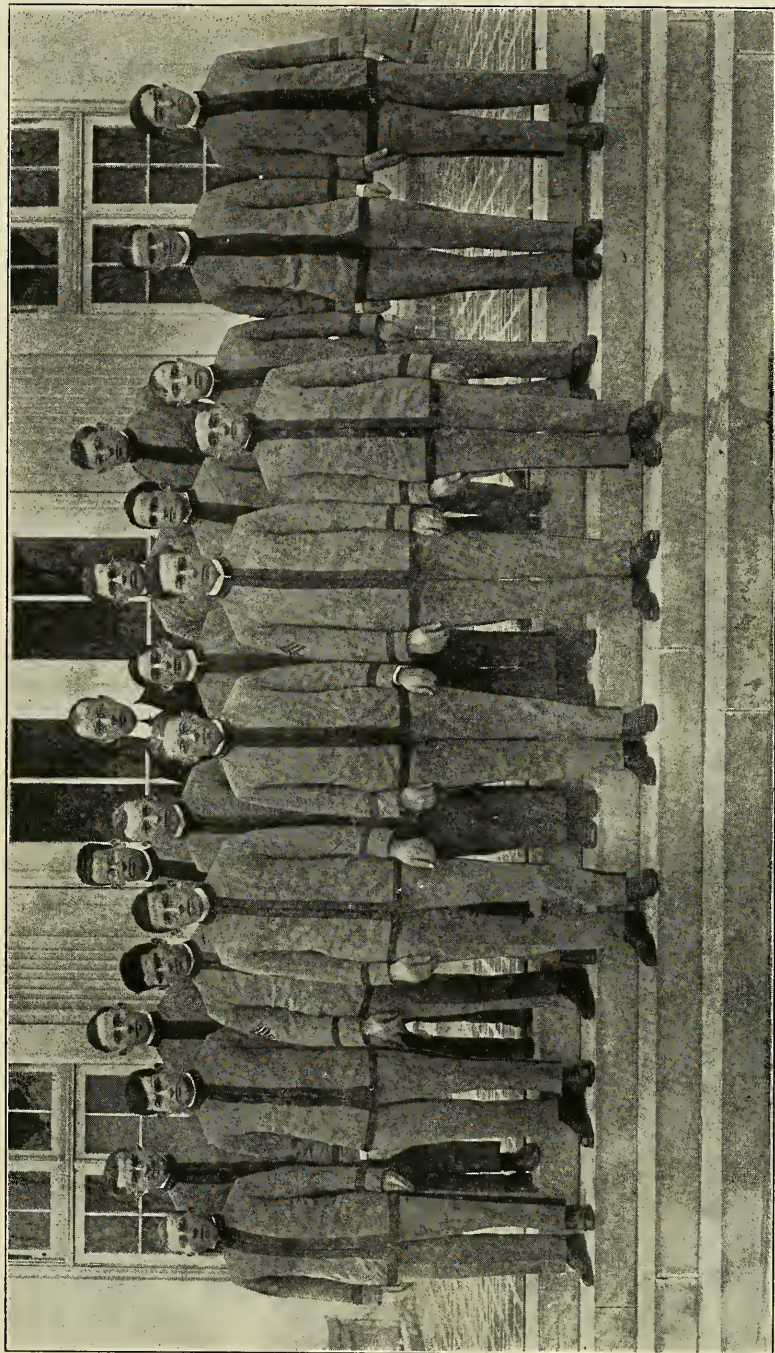
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THE GRADUATES.

TOP ROW—E. FRIESTAT, I. BRAUNSTEIN, J. MANNES, DIRECTOR B. OSTROLENK, A. GOLDSTON, S. FINE.
 MIDDLE ROW—N. BROMBERG, A. MOSKOWITZ, S. BRUNWASSER, L. BUSKIN, R. LIVINGSTON, J. BRODIE, W. SCHNEIDER, S. SMITH.
 BOTTOM ROW—G. GOLDBERG SEC., I. MILLS, VICE-PRES., W. GROMAN, PRES., G. FORMAN, TREAS.

Commencement

AND

CLASS DAY EXERCISES

FEBRUARY 22, 1920

SEGAL HALL AUDITORIUM

WALTER J. GROMAN, Chairman.

AFTERNOON PROGRAM.

Speakers of the Day.

MR. J. H. HOFFMAN, Superintendent of Bucks County Schools

DR. JAY F. SHAMBURG, Professor University of Pennsylvania

DR. JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, President National Farm School

BERNHARD OSTROLENK, Director,
National Farm School.

EVENING PROGRAM

Colors of N. F. S.....School
Salutatory.....A. R. Goldston
Class History.....George Forman
Prophecy.....George Goldberg
Class Will.....Ira J. Mills
Knocks and Boosts.....Morris Daniel
Presentation of Hoe.....Walter J. Groman
Valedictory.....Walter J. Groman
Finale, Marching Song.....School

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE

Aaron Moskowitz, Julius Brodie, Sidney Brunwasser.

The Gleaner

VOL. XI.

FEBRUARY, 1920.

NO. 6

Salutatory

ABRAHAM R. GOLDSTON

Ladies and Gentlemen:—In behalf of the graduating class it gives me pleasure to cordially welcome you here this afternoon, hoping you fully enjoy this day we take as our own, to express our appreciation for what our kind friends and the Faculty have done for us.

Twenty-three years ago the first class graduated from the National Farm School.

Today the twenty-third graduating class is about to step forth to assume the responsibilities that all students confront when they pass from the domains of school life to that of the outer world, which requires a more serious turn of mind.

For three years we have prepared ourselves for this epochal day, the cornerstone to our future. The rest lies unrevealed as the secrets of nature, only to be exposed by arduous efforts on the part of the seeker. As the seeker after the unknown receives his reward, the search within ourselves for our fitness to uphold our calling made known itself.

All of us have learned the value of concentration and patience. To any man these attributes point toward self-control. To ourselves it is of the highest importance that they should not be wanting. The insistent demands of outside influences are disturbing in their effects but the man who stays by his purpose moves along. In his upward move he passes the man of many occupations but no fixed purpose. The hopes of every community are fixed upon the man who wills his way. He is the solid foundation of his community, above which the shiftless mass moves back and forth. To us, soon to be a part of a community and a mighty industry, has been given the value of a purpose.

Few people know the value of seeing things through. Many able men start movements of help to all. The ambition so roused in the beginning lags as time rolls along and the less talented but equally able as-

sociate saves the idea by a greater show of patience. This useless waste of energy keeps many a man moving back and forth.

Patience applies to every walk of life. The success of everyone lies but far enough away to be reached by seeing things through. I make no mention of the man who has the patience to exclude everything else but his own work. There is no benefit in a machine not controlled by a mind and no uplifting influence derived from a slave to his own work. We realize only that person who can will himself to his task, have the patience to see it through and still have time to be a human being.

Fellow classmates, let each one of us go from here to succeed. Not to succeed in being an underling but to concentrate on everything you attempt. Let it be yourselves who move up the road and pass the men who cannot grasp their own shortcomings. But let your ambition not lag after you started the upward move, Vision yourselves at the head and strive to be there, a credit to your Alma Mater and the pride of your friends.

I avail myself of this opportunity to thank the Faculty for the interest in our welfare. We have passed a period in our young manhood that means more to us than mere words can describe. We have learned, not only your teachings, but how to help ourselves.

To the President and the Board of Directors we extend the well wishes for the further success of this institution. May we return at times and ourselves witness the growth of a worthy ideal.



Class History

GEORGE FORMAN

Ladies and Gentlemen:—It happened during the year nineteen hundred and seventeen, when all nations were engaged in the most talked of and thought of conflict recorded in the pages of history. The outcome of the war was to have an effect upon every individual in every country thruout the entire earth, whether he be old enough or capable of bearing arms or not.

The effect was appreciated at an early period by certain individuals who decided that, since they were not of age to bear arms, there was another way just as necessary and honorable

The other way was shown us by such men as Hoover, whose work was the teaching of conservation and production.

As was said before there were many who decided to produce and who thought the best way of acquiring this knowledge was through the National Farm School. The circular, outlining all requirements, appealed to every one who read it.

They were all informed to report March first, nineteen hundred and seventeen. But one enthusiast, who determined to enter, arrived seven days before the set time. He was the first arrival and, I am proud to say, is still with us and graduating with high honors, being six feet in height. This specimen gave his name as Salem G. Fine and announced that he hailed from Titusville, which burgh was soon made famous by the afore-said specimen.

March first came and, with it, a bunch of green stuff, greener than God's green earth. They came from all parts of the United States, one from New Orleans, one from Pittsburgh and a bunch of "wise cracks" from New York. They all congregated in this melting-pot, which takes in all raw material and turns out a finished product.

After all were assembled we received our baptism in the form of living on "O. R." and occasionally, tea, spreading farmer's gold over Mr. Young's wide and beautiful acres, and other surprises that come in the first few weeks of a Freshman's life.

After the novelty of a new life wore away we settled down to profit by the hints given us. The classes and work kept us wide-awake and made of some, living questionnaires. Not alone in work found we profit but our leisure hours gave time for wholesome recreation.

In our first year we contributed Braunstein to the baseball team, while Brunwasser very ably represented us in football.

In the life of a person approaching manhood the days of youth are remembered as the happiest moments of life. They represent the care-free existence, free from responsibility or a thought of the things around them. So it was with our class. My classmates will agree with me when I say that our Freshman year was the happiest of the three years here. The days in the orchard, in the hay field, mow or the cornfield, were filled with jokes, singing and good-fellowship.

I only want to recall a few of the persons by name who left our class but whose stay here was felt. There was Rabinowitz, who privileged himself to cheer the rest with hearty laughter. Another was Skolnick, the first leader and being slightly older than most of us also acted as an advisor. We thank him for the frequent deliverance that he procured for us from the upper class men. Several completed the Freshman year and helped to keep us going. Frandzel and Preis were leaders of the class for brief periods, and performed their duties very capably.

As we entered our Junior year and left the first behind, so we dropped our likeness of boyhood and assumed the attire of mature young men. The year was full of changes. The slow process of elimination continued to reduce the number in the class. As our leaders left, someone else always bobbed up to take the vacant place. The happenings were so few and fleeting that they are hard to recall until the latter part.

It was not until after the summer work that we really became organized under the leadership of "Dutch" Groman, who still continues in that capacity. At this time we also received into the class three additions who made history for the nineteen-twenty class. They were Mills, Goldberg and Smith. We contributed to athletics in a whole-hearted way. Three letter men on the baseball team and five on the football squad were credited to our class.

Our Senior year found us well organized and, when the nineteen-nineteen class left we were ready to continue in their footsteps and, under the guidance of Groman and Mills, things began to hum.

Throughout the preceeding year the Literary Society was practically a dormant institution. It was revived by George Golberg and regular meetings were held until the summer months

Under the leadership of Braunstein the baseball team defeated P. I. D. and Chestnut Hill Academy. It is rated as the best team ever produced and the victories of the season support this statement.

About this time it was our good fortune to receive into our class one by the name of Goldston, an ex-17 man and an overseas veteran. His wish was to complete his Farm School course.

The thing which will be remembered by our class is the football season of the Senior year. The team was captained by Ira Mills and managed by Smith. Both men were in the class but two years and succeeded in making their letters both in basebal and football. With Coach Work and excellent material the best team in the history of the school was produced.

The Senior Class was credited with six regulars and three substitutes. Four of the letter men were placed on the All-Farm School eleven. They were Mills, Groman, Brunwasser and Fine.

After a strenuous football season quiet was enjoyed. Every Senior thought of Christmas and the last vacation granted at Farm School. The vacation over all began to read the future by their search for positions. And then, in the last month's of our stay, all but two of the entire class were claimed by sickness and associations were continued in the sick rooms of Lasker Hall. Here we ended our Farm School career and waited forth the time to say farewell.



Prophecy

GEORGE GOLDBERG

It was in the year nineteen hundred and fifty that I decided to take a trip around the world. Having become immensely wealthy in the manufacture of sawdust into various forms of animal feeds, especially pigeon feed, I had to have some means of getting rid of my enormous bank account.. I decided that touring offered the best means of doing so.

Of course New York is the only place for an American to start on a tour, so I followed the fashion by visiting the metropolis. I bought a ticket for the New York and Western, Unlimited. The unlimited portion being reserved for the price of the ticket, with San Francisco as my destination.

Upon entering the Grand Central Station a cry assailed me, "Extry! Extry! Paderewski von Monahan's grandfather's newpnew bitten by a rattlesnake, in the lowlands of the Rocky Mountains, Extry- Extry!" Such an extraordinary piece of news could not escape my attention, so I reached into my pocket for a coin and was about to hand it to the news vendor, when I was struck by the similarity between the vender's face and a picture in my memory. I brought out detail after detail of that half-remembered figure, so reproduced in the man before me. Nerving myself to the task I asked his name and introduced myself, to find I was correct in assuming him to be Nathan Bromberg, of our old class. "Why Nathan;" I exclaimed, after shaking hands, "How did you ever reduce yourself to such a sorry plight?"

"Well, you see it was this way," he replied, "After graduating I worked on a farm for a number of years, but I couldn't make money as fast as I wanted to. I had been corresponding with "Pop" Smith, who invested some money in the gas wells of the McKeesport Hot Air Company and became rich. He advised me to invest in Wild Cat Mountain Co. coal mines as he thought it was a fine thing. I found out later in was good only for the promoters and I was broke. So, in order to support my wife and family, also my mother-in-law, I had to sell newspapers." The memory of "Nifty's" voice years before gave me no right to doubt his ability to succeed.

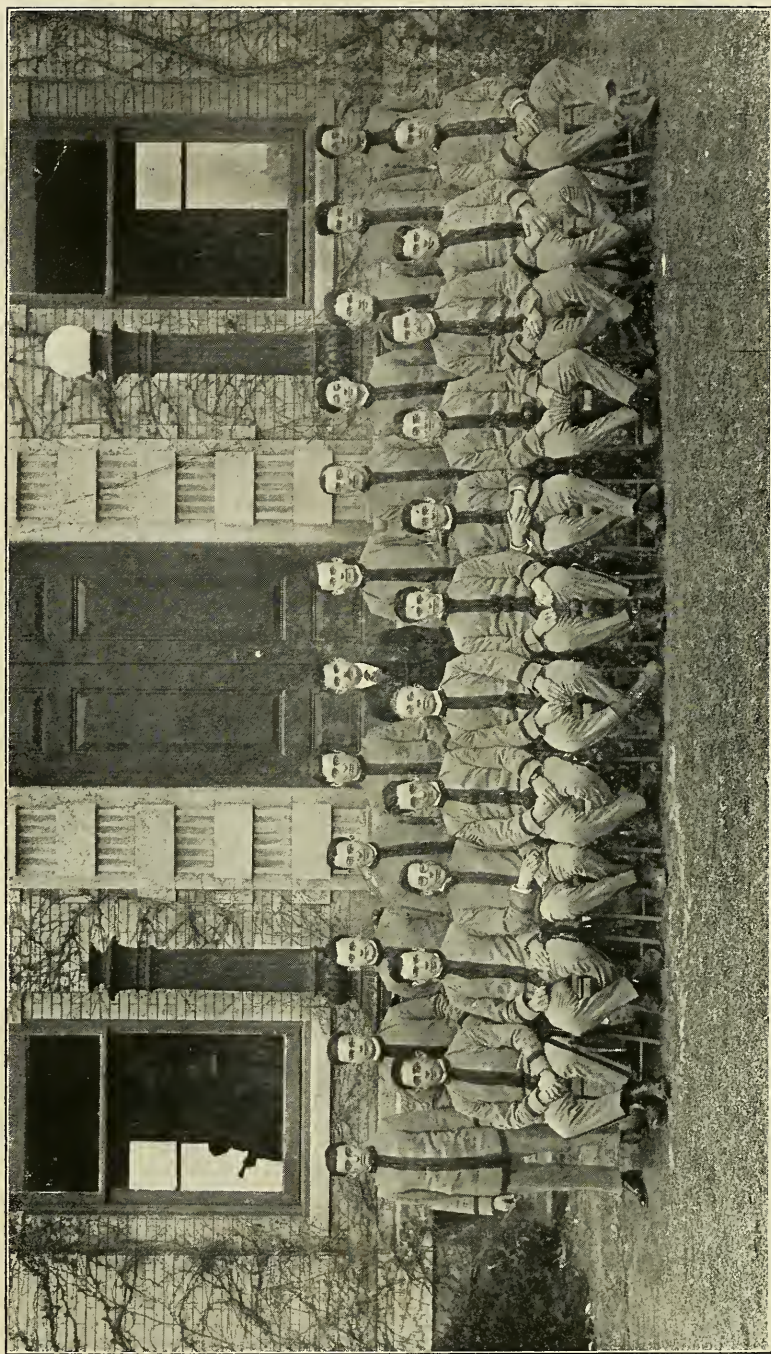
Wishing him luck in his new venture, I boarded the train and seated myself comfortably in a Pullman chair.

Most of my time was spent in looking through the window. While engaged in this pastime my attention was carried to an enormous factory, with this sign "Alcornoats Products Co., A Goldston, Prop." I wondered if this could be my old friend,, Abie the agent. As we had an hour's stopover, I made inquiries about the large factory and its history. In the office I was told that Mr. Goldston was in China, investigating some choice Chinese varieties of Chop Suey alfalfa. Wonderful claims had been made for it and, with the terrible business insight that Abie possessed, he could let no such matter go unnoticed. For at school had he not almost persuaded the graduates to buy a carload of Corno before they had their jobs? I tried to learn the secret of his remarkable success. I was introduced to the vice president, whom I immediately recognized as old Sam Fine. I was pleased to meet him and asked him about it. He told me it was a secret and, after promising not to divulge it, he told me how Abie made good.

"After Abie had made good selling Corno he decided to start for himself," he began. "So he started in a small way selling similar feeds. He just about managed to get along see, when I heard about it. I always had a wonderful idea about feeding and I thought Abie might like to have it, see." (Sam had not lost the old habit of saying "see" after every twenty words.) "So I said that if you accept my idea you must take me in as a member of the firm. This is the secret." He bent over and spoke softly into my ear for fear some spy might hear. "For every carload of feed you sell you must send enough green cow-eye-glasses along. When the cows eat the feed, made mostly of sawdust and ground leaves, they will think it ground alfalfa and yield a whole lot of milk, see. From then on the company grew and now you can go anywhere and see the cows with green eye-glasses eating our wonderful feed." I congratulated him and told him to send in a Gleaner subscription.

Upon reaching Chicago I stopped over for a few hours at the Hotel Highball, completed on July 1, 1919. Being rather hungry after my long ride I ordered dinner, including chicken soup. The waiter began placing the dishes on the table and, while doing so, his tray tipped to a frightful angle and the unruly bowl of soup careened over the edge and took a course downward along my neck. The waiter offered apologies. "Excuse me, sir, ah-ah-ah-I c-couldn't help it. Thec-co-cook played a-a-a trick on me. He gre-gre-greased the bottom of my





THE JUNIOR CLASS.

TOP ROW—S. SAMUELS, G. SWERDLOW, M. KRAUS, J. IGER, I. GROSS, MR. C. TOOR, FACULTY ADVISER; E. HESCH, KROTOCHINSKY, S. COOPER, G. TAUBE, H. STATMAN, I. SKAIST.
 BOTTOM ROW—H. CORENZWIT, D. DEVITO, H. TOUFF, A. APPLE, A. ZINN, P. TRUPIN, H. KRAUS, I. SILVERMAN, D. HILL, M. GREENWALD, S. STONE.

plates so I would l-l-lose my tip." Where in the world had I ever heard such talk before. My thoughts coursed backward and I remembered "Chisel" Fristate was the only one that talked that way. He was difficult to recognize, having a full-dress suit, while "Chisel" used to go about three-quarters dressed.

The poor fellow dried me up as well as he could and I asked for directions to the stockyards. In his unusual maner he directed me fully. The way he tried to tell them, I thought he was full, too.

I wondered through the stockyards and was impressed by this immense plant. Of especial interest was the manufacture of by-products, material which had been wasted but was now all used except, as they would say to denote their efficiency, the squeal. The guide told me they had a graduate of a famous agricultural school, Ira Mills, the great swine specialist, who was trying to use that insignificant portion of the pig in the manufacture of toy whistles. I always thought "Piggy" would elevate the swine industry some day and I believe he fulfilled his ambition. Very much elated over my trip I thanked the guide and went back to the station to journey further.

All my thoughts went backward as the train sped swiftly across the level miles before we reached the Rockies. What strange coincidence to meet so many who had been so close in friendship years before.

The next stop was Denever, Colorado, a place noted for its scenery and sanatoriums. Of the number that I saw one in particular struck my attention. It was built of granite and brownstone, the contrasting colors being strong enough to attract a blind man, let alone an ordinary mortal like myself. I had no intention of visiting any of the sanatoriums but this one spoke out loud saying, "Come on, Come on." I started up the hill and as I neared it I saw a good many people of fashion walking about the beautiful and well kept grounds. Amongst them was a middle-age man, flashily dressed in a grey and white suit, underneath the coat of which was noticeable a wonderful rainbow vest. From his scarlet cravat and fingers sparkled diamonds and the nether portion of his anatomy was encased in black slippers, topped by white silk socks. In addition to this unusual assortment of wearing apparel he seemed very popular to the ladies. I inquired his name and found him to be "Smiling Bob," whose full name was Robert Livingston. I went and introduced myself and immediately saw it was

my old classmate. I asked him what he was doing here and he casually mentioned he was proprietor of the sanatorium and doing very well indeed.

"You see, George, after becoming famous on the Keith vaudeville circuit I thought I might use my popularity in a different way than just traveling around and amusing people I could never know. So I hit upon this novel idea and thought I would try it. Well, you see, the results speak for themselves. I put my mania for colors to use and built it on a hill so people could see it for miles around. It wasn't very long before I had the place full." He ended the story of his success with a sweeping gesture of the born actor.

I felt no need for the climate of Denver and, after a few days, started for my destination. The sunshine of California seemed more attractive and I decided that here would be a resting place worthy of a man who lugged a right good pile of wealth.

To me, motoring was a pleasure from my youth on up. Had I not enjoyed the rear seat of the old Farm School milk truck, even tho the old machine puffed like a horse with heaves on every little pull? So motoring I went, through all the usual routes and places of interest until I heard of Petaluna and the wonderful industry there. I came to a decision that the place must be visited and I did. The acres upon acres devoted to poultrying were staggering to contemplate. What had given such dimensions to this industry? On visiting one of these plants I noticed a man deeply engrossed in a poultry magazine. As I approached he turned around and handed me the article he was reading and exclaimed, "See, sir, there is the truth at last. Thats how Petaluna got on the map." I noticed the headlines. They announced to me "How to Keep Your Chiken Young by Wm. Schneider." The substance of the article dealt with the early experiments of the writer with a devise that fastened over the beak of a chicken in such a way that the beak could not be blunted. His statistics showed that the devise prolonged the life a chicken three hundred per cent. So "Snitz" had made good. I knew of no way to see him in my now limited time so I returned to San Francisco.

The limit was not yet reached because my wallet was still distended with greenbacks. Should I go across the seas to the south or visit the shores of Asia? The next boat to leave was bound for Chinese ports and, when it left, I was comfortably at home on board. The

voyage was interesting because it marked the ending of American influence and the change to that of the lands we were to visit.

Two months later my wanderings brought me to the city of Peking, a traveler who had witnessed much but not enough. My guide made me realize everything in his forceful maner of expression, brought about through the extensive use of his hands. The habit of being led became so strong that I followed him everywhere. One afternoon my walk halted me in front of huge crowd, addressed by a speaker who ranted without ceasing in the monotonous tongue of the country. His attire did not approach that of the natives and his features bore no resemblance of a Mongolian. I questioned the guide about the man.

"Him Moskowitz, plenty good Amehcan man," he replied, "Plenty talk." Talk and "Yapping" Moskowitz were one and inseparable. After the meeting dispersed I sought speech with the orator. It was granted and I made known myself. Joy, expressed in an enormous grin, spread over his face.

"Well, well, well, too good to be true," were his first words. "Its a long time since I saw a friend to talk to."

"What was all this meeting and fiery talk about," I asked him. "Well, its a long story. After I started on my first job I found it too lonesome with no one to talk to. So I hunted for another place. I found one through the Rural New Yorker. The emperor of China wanted a man to raise Calla lilies for use in the court. I applied for it and here I am. The meeting this afternoon was for the benefit of the crowd. You know these Chinese don't talk near neough." I did not doubt his last statement, for they never had a chance when he was around.

"Say, I'll tell you George, I saw Katz about a year ago. He was head gardner for the Mandarin of this district. Mighty good job, too. He came here direct from New York where he went to business college. He quit because he could not get off on Sunday afternoon." The impatience of my guide and my own desire to go, made me break his talk abruptly. Poor old boy, he would be at a loss if there was no one around.

I re-embarked from one of China's minor ports bound for Australia. In the days when farming was my only joy Australia had appealed to me. Now I was about to see for myself the wonder of this land.

Our slow moving craft left us at Sydney, to shift about as well as we could. I engaged a room at a hotel

and prepared to enjoy my stay. That evening my desire was to visit the theatre, the first one since I returned to civilized land. On my way down town I met the frequent placards "Boxing tonight, Jackson's Arena." Boxing was my favorite pastime, so I decided to forsake the theatre for the ringside.

After great difficulty I finally managed to reach a seat next to the ring. The fight opened on the stroke of eight and the card proved to be a good one, referred by "Shinky" Bruno, one time middle-weight champion of Mexico. I gave no second thought to anybody, as I had no acquaintance there.

The referee stepped forward, a short, stocky man, and announced the preliminary.

"Gentlemen, in this corner we have Abe Dodger, 'champeen' lightweight, of Melbourne, and in that corner we have Kid Nee, of our city." The announcement seemed but a repetition of the ones made years before by Sydney Brunwasser, erstwhile dapper in the fistic art. When I last saw him he was pulling away on a freight car from the farm on which we worked. Strange happenings had brought me to another of my old friends.

The evening wore on and the fights went by but I sat there dazed. After the bouts I went to the manager and asked to see the referee.

"Alright, but don't get flip with that fellow. He's grouchy on the light-heads," and, with this admonition, I sought my man. He no sooner saw me than he ran across and shook me by the hand. Had my appearance changed so little as to be so easily remembered?

"Well, Georgie, how's the boy?" was his first question. "What itch drove you so far." He eagerly answered my questions and I soon knew his whole history. He had landed in Mexico and started a general clean-up. After his fame was spread he went back to the States and met Groman out in Arizona, where he had charge of a number of tractors. From there both had traveled to Australia, intending to start for themselves. But the gloves claimed Bruno and Groman went in for himself.

"You ought to see 'Dutch,' " was his comment. "That boy's got some place." I arranged with him to see our classmate and we both visited him. We found him in his office, superintending farm operations. Groman was so eager to relate his history as the rest. After his advent into Australia he had patented a devise to burn crude oil in engines and got a fine start. He assured me that it was the only life and I agreed with him.

Upon my return to Sydney I learned that the next boat for the shore of Asia Minor left shortly. Therefore I hastened to prepare myself for another lap of my journey. I had hoped to see Palestine and now opportunity offered itself. The days on board were spent in discussing problems of the day. The greatest one was the election of a president for this republic. One of my fellow companions offered a wager that Brodie would win. Others would stand pat by their choice and I formed my own opinion. I knew Brodie. Here was one who had risen steadily since I last knew him and had pinned his signature on the top of the ladder. He was the choice of the farming population and was bound to win.

Upon reaching Palestine we were detained in the harbor by a warship. Presently a boat pulled away and we were boarded by an individual of high rank, judging by his resplendent uniform.

Following him came another of still higher rank. The first one caused the passengers to be assembled and began reading an order in Hebrew, signed by George Forman, the commander of the Jewish Navy. Madly I rushed and embraced the second man, who seemed to be an old sea-farer. So the dreams of Forman came true far beyond his expectations. His rise could only be compared to those of fiction. He did not dream at that moment. His dignified appearance was marred by my rush but what did that amount to?

"Well George, so you didn't stick to the old game?" I inquired.

"No George, I haven't seen a farm for a dog's age," he replied. "But say, Brodie's the fellow that stuck. Do you know he's elected President of Palestine!" "Oh yes," he continued, "Julius certainly hit it right. Palestine was his only aim. You'll go to visit him?"

"Sorry but I can't. I have but a few days to see the coast and then America for mine." After a short exchange of news we parted, our ship moving along to its destination. I left behind me two who had not forsaken their ideals.

The sight-seeing trip along the coast was over and we were bound for the States. "Travel is wonderful," thought I, "but give me God's land."

We were upon the ocean and time passed slowly. I desired a more comfortable seat and some refreshments so I hailed one of the passing stewards to get the required articles. Before me stood a man in trim uniform, with a shock of yellow hair protruding be-

neath his cap. I gave my order and his "Soitainly, sir," proclaimed him from New York. He returned and gave me a slip with the list to be signed. Thinking nothing of this usual routine of obtaining refreshments since the years when prohibition was first introduced, I complied. Did my eyes belie me? For upon the paper was the steward's signature, Leo Buskin.

"Are you this man Buskin?" I asked him.

"Soitainly, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Well, Buskin, don't you remember an old friend when you see him," queried.

"Ah! By gosh, if it ain't Goldberg," and saying this, he made himself at ease. He gave his history, of his success at Cornell, etc., and the present position which he was induced to take by his brother. We enjoyed his leisure hours together until we reached the Metropolis.

No more travel. I was bound for home. Only a few hours ride to my estate in New Britain, Pa. Even those hours were but as minutes and when I finally got off at the station my faithful caretaker Braunstein was at hand. Good old Braunstein! He was trustworthy and competent of administering advice. I briefly related part of my travels and he cautioned me not to worry. He seemed excited about something but I forbore to ask him. At last he found himself unable to hold the news.

"Heard the news?" was his laconic question.

"No, tell me about it."

"Why, ah, Daniels is Director of Farm School."

"What, Daniels, our old classmate?" I questioned.

"Yes sir, and he deserves it. A fellow like him is hard to find." I mentally agreed that Daniels was in the right place at last.

The sinking sun gave to my home a beautiful appearance. It seemed the very picture of rest. I resolved that never more to roam should be my slogan. Why need I roam? Did not memory contain all the necessities for controlling the wanderlust? To me came the thoughts of old friends and of their successes.

A knock. I did not comprehend its meaning until the accompanying "Everybody up" drove sleep from my eyes. The estate I had visioned was my room and my travels but the impressions in my dreams. I reached for the cord and the room was flooded with light. I consulted my clock and lay back for ten extra minutes to review my wonderful visions and to even up the score left unbalanced by the unmerciful hand of the call boy.

Will of the Class of 1920

IRA J. MILLS

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: Realizing that these are our last moments upon this earth (five hundred acres of Farm School soil) we, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and mindful of the certainty of graduation, do make and declare this our last Will and Testament, signatures affixed this twenty-second day of February, nineteen hundred and twenty.

After the payment of our honest debts an inventory was taken and we were found to be possessed of numberless holdings and properties of value, which we herewith bequeath and dispose of as follows:

To our honored President and founder of this institution, Dr. Krauskopf, we leave the school as we found it, hoping that it may live up to his expectations as in the past and that it may mark the milestones of numberless more graduating classes.

To our Dean, Mr. Ostrolenk, we bequeath the newly dedicated lake in hopes that he may find within its glistening waters clams, lobsters and villains (submerged in submarines), in case his present supply should run low.

We entrust to Mr. Kraft the use and care of our pet, Dory. We hope he will guard and care for him as he does his felt boots.

To our beloved professor, Mr. Campbell, we leave the postoffice in hopes that in it two may beloved.

Unto Mr. Escoll we bestow Mr. Young's woods, for a wider field for his forestry lectures.

We leave to Mr. Toor a large cake of yeast to enable him to raise more chickens and an axe to make them lay.

In behalf of Mr. Cassidy we hope there will be a more frequent train service between Farm School and Doylestown and better facilities for shipping flowers between these points.

To Miss Churchman and Miss Colvin we leave our appreciation for the filled stomachs and healed wounds and hopes for the future (Junior appetites and Freshman ills) May our successors be as well cared for as we were.

To Mrs. Ostrolenk and Miss Gross we leave our well-wishes for the future.

To our new instructor, Mr. Lukens, we leave the wish that his efforts may be crowned with success.

To Mr. Young we leave the good-will of Mr. Kraft.

Unto the P. (i) G.'s we leave the undoubted honor of two pieces of butter.

Unto our Chef we bestow Pedro, in hopes that the appetites of Groman and Samuels will not go wanting for "weenies."

We bequeath unto Zinn the piggery, from which we hope he can develop plenty of pig-skin material for the next football season.

To Touff we leave a pair of elastic shoes and hope that he will invite them up to meet his trousers.

We bequeath to Yulke a row of ten-pins, so that he may use them instead of chairs to knock down (S. S. A.)

Unto Gelles and Reiff we leave the old board in Northman Hall and I trust they will let some other Freshman beat it to an even higher temperature than they did.

To Trupin we bestow a pair of headlights and henceforth no excuses as, "I had to wait for someone to lead me."

An elastic hat is our gift to Leedes so, no matter how large his head may swell, he will always have one hat to fit.

Ambition is our gift to Kadansky. We suggest that he make good use of it.

Unto the noble Juniors, soon to become Honorable Seniors, we leave the seats of the almighty in Segal Hall, and the leadership of all school activities. Although you may not be worthy of them, we hope that you may approach as near as possible the standard set by us. Also the following advise:

Honorable Seniors, for such you may be called now our parting words is, "Don't forget that you are Seniors, and demand respect as such."

To the Freshmen who are soon to enter the courts of nobility and, knowing as we do, that there is nothing we can tell you that you do not already know, we endeavor to leave some advise, in hopes that it may be absorbed.

Remember the new Freshman Class, some of whom may show signs of life, are all human beings (of the lower order) and must be used as such. Do not expect them to use their heads. Do not give them the high and

responsible job of leading Dory, lest they hurt themselves.. On the contrary, treat them gently, invite them to join the more select societies, the S. S. A. and the Bombers Union. Betray not your trust.

May the combined efforts of the '21 and '22 classes, together with any driftwood which may be found in the '23 Class, strive and succeed in boosting the name of N. F. S. throughout the ensuing year.

In witness whereof, we, the Class of 1920, do hereby sign our names and affix the seal on this 22nd day of February, in the year nineteen-hundred and twenty.

Sworn to before:

The Brotherhood of Pityus,

The Amalgamated Association of Bombers,

The Society of Weenie Consumers.

Signed,

I Know Alot.



KNOCKS AND BOOSTS

Morris Daniel

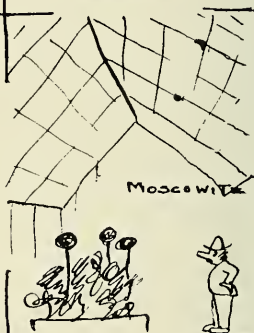
NAME	DESTINY	AMBITION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	NICKNAME	FAVORITE SPORT	BEST FRIEND
BRAUNSTEIN ...	Orator	To right the world of the president of Palestine	Aw, don't be a fool	Wooz	Imitating a gas engine	A bottle of peroxide, cold cream
BRODIE	Office clerk	To be president of Palestine	At times, more-over	Steve	Studying	Work bell
BROMBERG ..	Politician	To beat Misha Elman	Wise guy, ain't you	Nifty	Feeding pigs	Bed
BRUNWASSER ..	Preacher	To coach Carnegie Tech	Censored x!!!	Shimky	Football	Freight car
BUSKIN	Street vender	Vocal entertainer	You lie!	Spike	Imitating Caruso	Manure fork
DANIEL	Button-hole maker	To be a Bible salesman	Hello! old-timer	Moishe	Getting something for nothing	Waiter
FINE	Soap salesman	Hecker	Well now, why ain't it?	Hungry	Asking foolish questions	Bulletins
FORMAN ..	Socialist leader	To be a philosopher	Well, wait now	George	Arguing about nothing	Onions and herring
FRIESTAT ..	Mail collector	To be a milk tester	Don't got excited	Chisel	Getting excited	Pump house
GOLDBERG ..	Scare-crow	To be a leader	Alright, I'll fix you	Lecie	Falling in love with somebody	Miss Churchman
GOLDSTON ..	Soap box lecturer	Canary feed salesman	Hey, Joe	Goldy	Loading in the showers	Cider barrel
GROMAN	Street cleaner	To be editor of the Tageblatt	Hey, wait 'vonce!	Dutch	Sleeping in class	?
KATZ	Hobo	College president	My word is good around here	Abe	Weekly trips to the Jewish Hospital	Miss Colvin
LIVINGSTON ..	Star comedian	Headliner at Keith's	Aw, you think all you know it	Irish	Trying to crack a joke	Benny the cook
MILLS	Garbage carrier	To be married	Hey, Benny	Piggy	Writing letters	Mr. Hog
MOSCOWITZ ..	Evangelist	Mule driver	Cut the comedy	Yap	Yapping	Barnwork
SCHNEIDER ..	A bachelor	To be a chicken tamer	Ach, du fadumt'n	Schmitz	Chasing chickens	Sour kraut
SMITH	M.Keesport	None	Many's ti, time	Pop	Buying McKeesport gas stock	Funeral march



NEW JOB JOKES!



LIVING - STILL!



BRUNSTEIN

LIVINGSTON

GENERAL ASSISTANT
HERDSMAN FORMAN



FRISTAT - I DONT WANT YOU TO COPY. BUSKIN DONT



BROMBERG

FRISTAT

FORMAN.

NEW JOB JOKES!



GROMAN



SMITH



FEED
SALADMAN



BRODIE



BUSKIN



MILLS



DANIELS



BRUMWASSER



KATZ

Presentation of the Hoe

WALTER J. GROMAN

Ladies and Gentlemen: Every condition which man influences is subject to change. Whether the change is gradual or sudden is determined by the activities bringing about the transformation.

Thruout the centuries nature has given us numberless secrets. These very secrets have allowed us to approach her more and more closely. In agriculture she has unfolded to mankind the mysteries of the soil and the accompanying plant life. Every moment of the time allows us to approach nearer a complete understanding of her mysterious ways.

Each new revelation man had to meet with a device of his own. The early attempts were but crude implements of tillage, in keeping with his knowledge. As fact was added to fact, improvements became frequent and more complicated. To all these devices some mind added the hoe and through the years it has remained changeless among the modern machines, as useful as before.

Twenty-two years ago the first class at Farm School thought it fitting to make the hoe symbolic of the best in their vocation—a changeless desire to keep to the soil. It was made still more significant by the colors green and gold. The green we can liken to the spring of the year and the start of the seed in a replenished soil; the gold to the harvest of a crop well-cared for.

To you Mr. Samuels, I tender this hoe and, with it, the traditions of every Senior Class. Traditions that are worthy to uphold and implant in the members of the new class in the ensuing scholastic year.

Into your hand is given the task of leading to a successful end the duties and activities of the school. Keep before you the idea of the hoe and the colors green and gold to influence your guidance.

You can assure yourselves of our well-wishes for a successful year under your sway.

Valedictory

WALTER J. GROMAN

Ladies and Gentlemen: The passing of another year brings to the fore the act of parting of a group of young men about to start life in their chosen vocation. Ever present in the minds of such a group is but one thought, namely, "Can I succeed?"

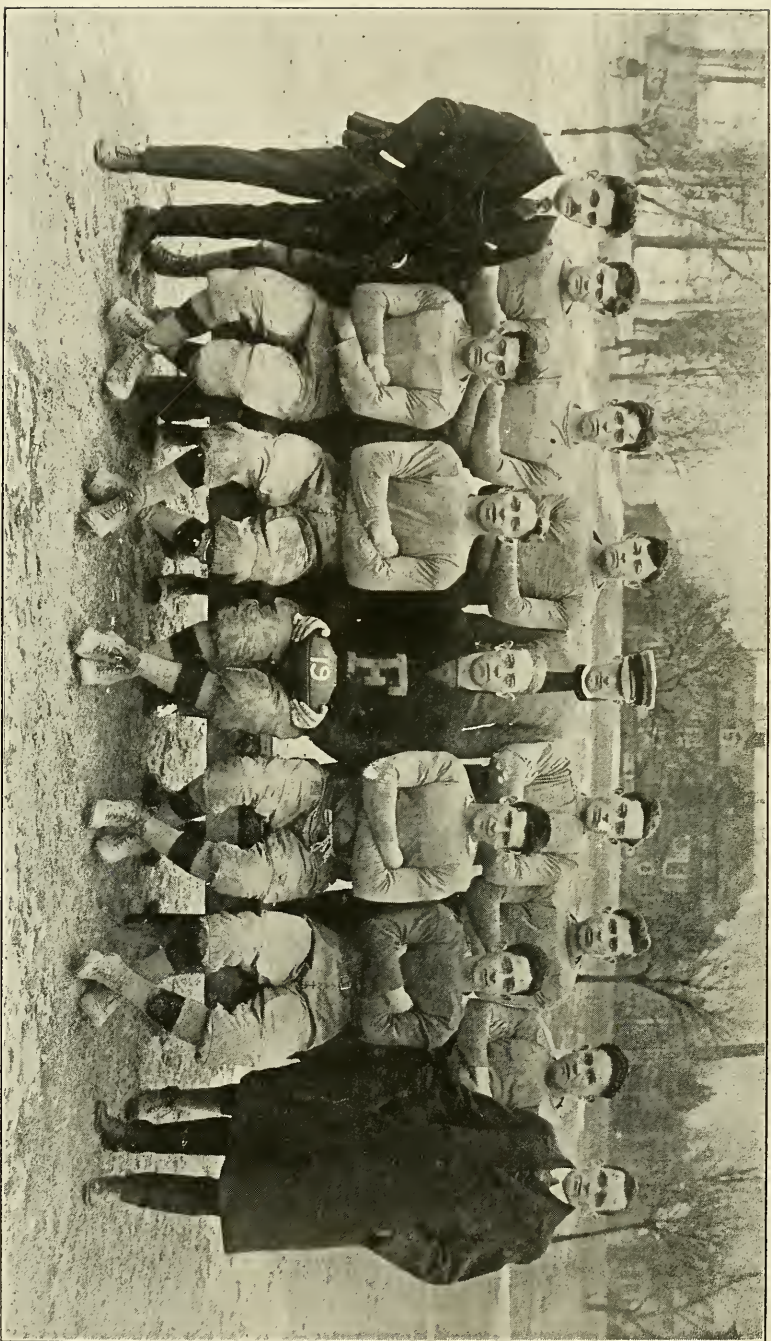
In former years such a question would have required a doubtful answer. Today it has to be answered but the answer is, I can. Some may think the answer due to the over-confidence of youth, but I can assure you that it is given only after a thorough study of the conditions in which they will shortly be placed.

The last score of years has witnessed the uprooting of a large number of theories and superstitious beliefs in agriculture. The farmer of today finds himself placed on a solid foundation of facts brought about by experimentation. Every new fact is cemented to the mass while every unproven theory totters insecurely before the probe of the investigator. As more knowledge is gathered about the soil we are keeping pace by changing our ideas in some respects, concerning the qualifications of a tiller of the soil.

ed to pursue his vocation twenty years ago was hem-

The graduate of any agricultural school who decided in by the prejudices and skepticism of his neighbors. The farmer was amiable to one of his kind but the presence of an outsider immediately aroused him into weighing the chances for success of the newcomer. The balance, in most cases, was against the beginner. More than one good man was crushed by this lack of good-will on the farmer's part. The farmer could not distinguish between the city man and the trained man on the farm. Time alone could show him the difference in results.

The so-called "college man" can today enter agriculture with greater assurance of success. The old prejudices are hidden and the skepticism reduced to an interest in the beginner. The farmer of the past, whose knowledge was brought about by contact and direct observation and finished with the lore handed down from generation to generation, changed his aspect. He saw



THE NINETEEN NINETEEN FOOTBALL TEAM.

STANDING—MR. C. TOOR, ASST. COACH, M. GREENWALD, S. SNYDEL, S. FINE, S. SMITH, MGR., W. GROMAN, A. GOLDSTON, S. STONE,
 MR. J. WOKR, COACH.
 SEATED—S. SAMUELS, A. ZINN, I. MILLS, CAPT., S. BRUNWASSER, H. CORENZWIT.

the new man forging to the head with his herds and noticed his increased production by the application of modern methods. The results were brought to his notice.

However, the farmer was not entirely convinced. He had to admit the things he saw but he considered the proof as insufficient. Where the farmer lacked conviction the trained man set about to give further proof of his ability.

The farm of half a century ago was the center of producing the needs of the family. The exchanges with the outside were reduced to the necessities not produced on the farm. The growth of our urban population made it imperative to bring about a change. The area of production was further removed and the needs of the city demanded a greater exchange with the producer. The farmer did not grasp the meaning of his position as the new demands were met. Gradually the middleman became the medium through which the trade passed. His first thought was his own interests. The producer received the minimum for his efforts.

The educated agriculturist, alive to the possibilities of introducing business methods to the farm, sought to change affairs. In a modest way he tried the boon of other business ventures—co-operation. His foresight is shown today in the co-operative interests controlled by the farmer, and which guarantee the producer a just return for his labor. Further proof of the ability of the educated man lie in the organizations which provide instruction and better social conditions for the farm folk. The easy going, prejudiced farmer is fast becoming the exception. Agriculture is not behind other vocations in requiring a man to be awake to his surroundings. The man who is unable to average up lags behind.

The trained man is receiving his due. Not every college man succeeds but the value of a man with enough common-sense to apply his knowledge cannot be underestimated.

And now to sum up our own chances of success. The last few months gave us opportunity to test the future. All of us have corresponded with farmers and have found them to be educated and aware of the value of trained men. Last, but not least, they have entertained no doubt as to our ability to fill the positions offered. The graduates of today can feel thankful for the goodwill of the farmer; thankful also for the determination of

their predecessors to win recognition by good, hard work. What more can be desired if the remainder is ambition in the man himself?

Schoolmates, during your stay here we have come into a closer contact with you than the average school affords. We have formed our opinion of you, both individually and collectively. We cannot discuss the individual but as a body you have stood by us in giving us a constructive Senior year. Today we leave the power in your hands, not to be wrongly used. Our one wish is to see it used from year to year in the building of a still better Farm School.

To the Faculty we extend our thanks for the interest in our welfare. The unselfish and impartial stand in our work and studies brought us equal chances to progress in the things we chose. Our class is the first to pass through the school under the policies outlined by Dean Ostrolenk.

We cannot give to much credit to Dr. Krauskopf for his foresight in developing an institution of this nature. To him and the Board of Directors can be traced the present Farm School, supplied in all its needs. The years to follow will witness greater changes, due to the ideal of one man and the wise course of his associates.

Fellow classmates, today we break away and depart our several ways. Break away from the class and all the things we have held in common to set out alone for better or worse!—for success or failure.

In closing let me admonish you to stick to farming until you have given it thorough trial. If we achieve success in no matter what degree, let us be quick to place the credit where it is due—to our Alma Mater. Farewell.



AN ODE TO FLOWERS

Give me the blushing beauty of the rose,
When morn its lovely petals doth disclose.

And jeweled solar rays of gleaming gold,
Bid radiant, perfect blossoms to unfold.

Give me the heliotrope's sweet scent,
When of a stilly night the air is rent

With fragrance, which is exquisite and rare.
Ah! treasured spot for solace, lead me there.

Bring me the flower of stateliness and grace,
The slender lily from its favored place.

Concealed beneath a coppice in the dell,
In dignified reserve, it prospers well.

Pray, not through field and wood to heedless tread,
Nor, crush the flower of virtue in its stead,

But note the frail Houstonia, in its lair
Of innocence, as none other can compare.

As modesty suggests the blushing rose
And character, the stalwart lily's pose,

All flowers have many attributes refined,
Which serve to stimulate the human mind.

MARK. A CASSIDY.



SENIOR RECORD BULLETIN

Groman, Walter J., (Age 19, South Allentown, Pa.)

Senior Year: Class President and Student Body Chairman, member of 'Varsity football team, Editor-in-Chief of The Gleaner, Valedictorian, Sergeant Cadet Corps, winner of Post Graduate course, Ali N. F. S. guard.

Junior Year: Class President, A. A. vice president, member of 'Varsity football, member of class base ball and football.

Freshman Year: Class vice president, second half; Varsity football and class football.

Mills, Ira J., (Age 22, Philadelphia, Pa.)

Senior Year: Class vice president, Captain of 'Varsity football, President of A. A., second half; Gleaner Agricultural Editor, 1st. Lieut. Student Cadet Corps, 'Varsity baseball, Ali N. F. S. half back, writer of Class Will and coach of Junior baseball team.

Junior Year (second half '20): Class vice president member of Varsity football, class football.

Freshman Year (first half, 21): Class President, captain of class football, Varsity baseball, member of class baseball.

Forman, George, (Age 20, Philadelphia, Pa.)

— Senior Year: Class Treasurer, Gleaner Literae Editor, writer of Class History, member of A. A.

Junior Year: Class Treasurer, class football, Gleaner Circulation Manager.

Freshman Year: Class President, second half, member of class football.

Goldberg, George, (Age 21, Passaic, New Jersey.)

Senior Year: Class Secretary, Literary Society Chairman, 'Varsity substitute, Business Manager of Gleaner, Class Prophet, Sergeant Cadet Corps.

Junior Year (second half, '20): Class football.

Freshman Year (first half, '21): Class vice president, class baseball

Goldston, A. Reuben, (Age 23, Cambridge Springs, Pa.)

Senior Year, ('20): Class Salutatorian, Captain Cadet Corps, 'Varsity football, member of A. A., coach of Freshman Class football team.

Junior Year ('17): Class football and baseball,

general manager of A. A., Class President, Agricultural Editor of The Gleaner.

Freshman Year ('17): Class football and baseball.

Fine, Salem G., (Age 20, Titusville, Pa.)

Senior Year: 'Varsity football, member of A. A., 'Varsity baseball, All N. F. S. end.

Junior Year: Member 'Varsity football, class football, manager class baseball.

Freshman Year: Member class football and baseball.

Smith, H. Sumner, (Age 19, McKeesport, Pa.)

Senior Year: Manager 'Varsity football, Athletic Editor of Gleaner, member of A. A., 'Varsity baseball, Sergeant Cadet Corps.

Junior Year (second half, '20): Member 'Varsity football, class football.

Freshman Year (first half, '21): 'Varsity baseball and class baseball.

Braunstein, Isidor, (Age 21, New York City.)

Senior Year: A. A. President, first half, captain 'Varsity baseball.

Junior Year: Member of 'Varsity baseball, captain of class baseball, member of class football.

Freshman Year: Class vice president, 'Varsity baseball, class baseball and football.

Brunwasser, Sidney B., (Age 20, Pittsburgh, Pa.)

Senior Year: 'Varsity baseball, 'Varsity football, First Sergeant Cadet Corps, member of A. A., All N. F. S. tackle.

Junior Year: 'Varsity football, class baseball, captain of class football, cheer leader.

Freshman Year: 'Varsity football, class baseball, captain of class football.

Daniel, Morris, (Age 20, Newark, N. J.)

Senior Year: 'Varsity substitute, coach of '22 baseball team, cheer leader, Writer of Knocks and Boosts, member of A. A., winner of Post Graduate Course.

Junior Year: Class baseball and football.

Freshman Year: Class football.

Fristat, Elias, (Age 20, Canton, Ohio.)

Senior Year: Member of A. A., supporter of all school activities.

Undoubtedly the greatest bond of friendship lay between the Senior Class and himself. He realized that the last year men should have all the opportunity to study and practice their intended vocation. By giving them responsibility in different work he created a wide-awake interest and a desire to make good on the part of those trusted. The Senior Class can say that more than one man was furthered in some particular subject due to his interest.

Mr. Goldman leaves to accept a position in Buffalo, New York. The Student Body extends their well-wishes for his success in a new occupation.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The organization of what may safely be called the greatest step in government of student affairs is progressing rapidly. To Mr. Escoll and other members of the Faculty we are indebted for the advise and interest given us in the initial stages of the Student Council.

The broadened scope of activities given a Student Body in instances where such an organization is at work brought us to realize our need of a similar body. With the consent of the Faculty and the different classes representatives from the existing organizations met and drafted a constitution. It was passed upon by the students and the Faculty and will immediately be put in force.

The constitution calls for the adjustment of grievances, elimination of friction as far as student activities go and, in general, greater self-government, with the Faculty represented to give their views.

Although the graduating class will see little of the results brought about by the Council, it urges upon the other classes the whole-hearted backing of a movement which cannot but benefit the students. The complete constitution follows:

CONSTITUTION OF THE SCHOOL COUNCIL OF THE NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL

(Adopted by the Student Body by an unanimous vote January 19, 1920.)

(Adopted by the Faculty by an unanimous vote January 20, 1920.)

PREAMBLE

We, the Students and Faculty of the National Farm School, in order to promote co-operation among the



THE NINETEEN NINETEEN BASEBALL TEAM.

STANDING—J. GOLDBERG '17, COACH, S. FINE, I. SILVERMAN, S. SMITH, I. MILLS, S. BRUNWASSEE, MGR.
 SITTING—A. ZINN, S. SAMUELS, I. BRAUNSTEIN, CAPT., M. GREENWALD, J. LEDES.

students, among the various organizations, as well as between the students and faculty of the school, and to further the best interests of the school as a whole and its individual members, do hereby ordain and establish this CONSTITUTION OF THE COUNCIL OF THE NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL.

ARTICLE 1. (Name.)

Section 1. The name of this organization shall be: THE SCHOOL COUNCIL OF THE NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL.

ARTICLE 2. (Purpose.)

Section 1. (See Preamble.)

ARTICLE 3. (Organization.)

Section 1. (Representation.)

Representation shall consist of two members of the Faculty, elected by Faculty; two members of each class, elected by each class; one member elected by each of the following organization:

Post Graduates, Athletic Association, Gleaner, Literary Society and Zionist Society, providing these organizations are active.

Section 2. (Eligibility.)

Representative shall have at least three months residence at the National Farm School.

Section 3. (Term of office.)

Term of office shall be for one scholastic year; the newly elected representatives to be installed one week before graduation by the retiring council.

Section 4. (Officers.)

The Council shall elect a President, Vice President, Secretary-Treasurer at its first regular meeting.

Section 5. (Duties of Officers.)

Robert's rules of order shall be referred to for duties of officers.

ARTICLE 4. (Meetings.)

Section 1. (Regular meeting.)

Regular meetings shall be held monthly.

Section 2. (Special meetings.)

Special meetings shall be called at the discretion of the president or by the written request of five representatives of the Council.

Section 3. (Quorum.)

A quorum shall consist of two-thirds of all representatives.

Section 4. (Open meetings.)

Meetings shall be open to all, except when the Council decides to go in executive session.

ARTICLE 5. (Functions and Powers)

Section 1.

(a) To enforce all rules and regulations of the School, with power to punish infraction of same.

(b) Bad conduct of students to be investigated, and, at the discretion of the Council accused may be tried by a Council jury with adequate opportunity for defence.

Section 2.

To approve programs and dates of meetings of School organizations.

Section 3.

To approve the schedules of athletic games.

Section 4.

(a) To supervise general School affairs such as dances, banquets, entertainments, with power to delegate management of same to Student organizations or committees.

(b) To have power to levy taxes for such affairs.

Section 5.

To organize incoming classes.

Section 6.

To appoint monitors of buildings who are to enforce study periods, and report disobedience to the Council.

Section 7.

The Council is to acquire from the Faculty more powers of Students' self-government and self-discipline as it proves its merit.

Section 8.

All petitions to the Faculty must be submitted to the School Council for approval.

Section 9.

All powers not specifically delegated to the School Council are reserved for the Faculty.

ARTICLE 6. (By-laws.)

Section 1.

Faculty members may file complaints for action by Council.

Section 2.

Any student, class or organization may receive a hearing before the Council by first submitting a written request, and having same approved by the Council.

Section 3.

A Council representative may be impeached by a three-fourths vote of the Council.

ARTICLE 7. (Amendments.)

Section 1.

Amendments to this constitution can be made by a two-thirds vote of the Council, Student Body and Faculty.

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**THRIFT—A PARAMOUNT VIRTUE FOR SUCCESS
FOR FARM SCHOOL MEN**

It is difficult to write this last word to the class of nineteen hundred and twenty without stopping to eulogize the class that was the first to enter and compete its course entirely under my direction. It is a class that well deserves a pause to look backward and to praise its attitude to the school and to themselves. It has seen the war through Farm School eyes and has supported the war through Farm School activity. Its record is such that can well fill each member with pride. Deserving as the class is we cannot stop to recount the many ways in which it has shown its loyalty to the nation and to the Farm School. We want to look ahead. We want to draw from the past only the necessary lessons that will guide for the future. What new factors in Farm School life have made additions to the training that other graduates have received? In what way can this training be utilized for the success of the individuals of the class? What slogan can the class offer to the graduates that preceded it?

Surely no large amount of thinking is necessary to devise that the paramount slogan, in addition to the customary vigorous training at the school for the last three, has been "Thrift."

It was a national duty to obey its mandate, it became a Farm School necessity as pressed by war conditions. Thrift, conserving, saving, maximum use, dispensing with the needless, were the slogans that were heard daily and became an individual as well as a school creed. Is it worth while to carry the habits and ideas thus acquired into life?

For others thrift may be a virtue, to Farm School men who dream of some day plowing the soil that they themselves own, thrift is a stark necessity. No Farm School graduate can ever hope to reach the highest goal of Farm School ambition, that of owning his own acres, without stringent applications of the principles of thrift. Graduates of other schools may aim for success by mounting the ladders of graded salaries but

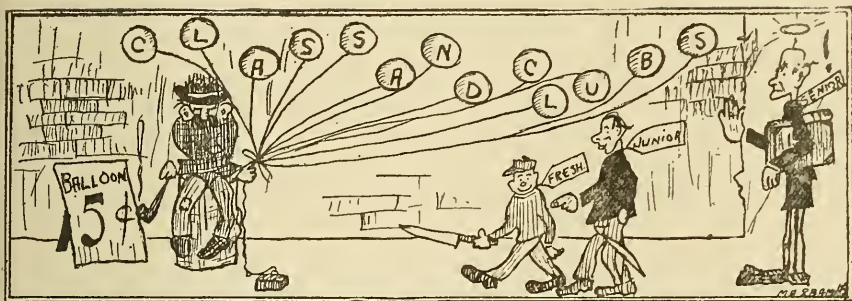
there are distinct limitations to the career of the Farm School graduate who is looking for a position after he graduates and is still on a position ten years after graduating. The normal course after a practical experience on a farm job of about five years should lead to ownership of his own farm. The ownership can be acquired only through rigid practice of thrift from the day of graduation. Saving money is the key which has led many Farm School men to ownership of a farm and to success; and spending their monthly wage as fast as received has led many able Farm School boys back to the city with the dictum "Farming does not pay." It does not pay permanently to the hired man even if he is a manager because the margin is necessarily small. It gives most satisfactory returns to the man who is working his own soil and can hire future Farm School men. Thrift may be at the present time a national issue; to Farm School men it is a personal issue of paramount importance. It will make the difference between success and failure.

It would be needless to recount the factors that go to make up real thrift. Thrift, when properly understood, is not selfish but social in its action; it is not mere hoarding but proper spending with a view of increased service and efficiency; it is not a sordid last word this, but one fraught with vital ethical consequences. It is a slogan well worth studying, adopting, preaching, practicing.

I have never been able to take lightly the grave responsibility that rests upon me to make the three years of Farm School men at Farm School profitable and pleasant in conformity with the ideals of the President of our school; who, because of his position as a loved and revered teacher in Israel is an inspiration to all whose good fortune it has been to sit under his ministrations. Yet the pride I take in graduating this class, purposeful, of high character with a record of achievement and a promise of success, make these responsibilities as joy.

BERNHARD OSTROLENK, Director.





GEORGE GOLDBERG, EDITOR.

FAREWELL 1920

Farewell, noble Seniors. Tho your parting severs the bonds of your active participation in the affairs of our Alma Mater, it does not sever the bonds of friendship between you and those of us you leave here behind you. Surely it is no mere conventional flattery for us to say that this parting causes us to feel a sense of sadness mingled with the pleasure that is ours at having shared these last two years of fruitful intimacy with you.

Mr. Groman, yours is that dignified manner and quiet efficiency as a leader in school activities that will long be remembered by us, and yours, Mr. Mills, is that never-say-die Farm School spirit, both on and off the gridiron; and to you, other members of the 1920 class, it is hardly necessary to say how much your having been here has enriched our feeling of friendship and the traditions of our school.

Need we say that we wish you God-speed and success. Go forth and into your future undertakings carry the courage and inspiration of our own beloved Farm School. Farewell.

SAMUEL SAMUELS, 21.

CLASS OF 1921

On February 22 we acquire the reins of leadership at N. F. S. We have many traditions to uphold and to spur us on to success. The material in our class probably is better than in any previous class. Besides the fact that the classes are continuously improving we have the added advantage of a working School Council, a well financed A. A. and a Faculty sympathetic to the growing needs of the school.

In athletics, the baseball team, with Coach Campbell and veterans like Samuels, Greenwald, Zinn and Stone, ought to produce a victorious team.

In football Zinn, Samuels, Stone, Greenwald, Corenzwit, DeVito and Snyder form the nucleus of a team predicted to beat all previous records.

Go to it '21.

We are thankful to the graduating class for handing over school affairs in such good shape. We wish them luck.

The leader of the school year 1920-21 is Samuels, president of the '21 class. The other officers elected are: Harry Statman, vice president, and Harry Corenzwit, secretary-treasurer.

The second annual banquet of the class was held at Court Inn, Doylestown on February 14, and was an immense success.

H. M. C., '21.

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CLASS OF 1922

Most of the Freshmen sang, "Home, Sweet Home" during the recent vacations. The days passed all too quickly and when it ended we were all back at our work and studies. Morris Alder was the only classmate who returned to say good-bye. Our best wishes go with him.

Intensive work on the class banquet was started immediately after the vacation. We intend to make it a fitting farewell to our good old Freshman days, and at the same time, a proper welcome to our Junior Year.

At the election of officers for our Junior year the following men were chosen: S. Snyder, President; M. Gomberg, Vice President; B. Yulke, Secretary; M. Frishkopf, Treasurer.

The Freshman Class takes this opportunity to say a word of farewell to the graduating class. We have learned much from you and our associations have been most agreeable. Accept our sincere assurance that we shall always endeavor to carry out the traditions of our Alma Mater as you have handed them down to us. Our heartfelt wishes for a successful future go with you. Good-bye!

To the present Juniors we wish a prosperous and progressive Senior year.

M. F., '22.

★

The Gleaner during the past year tried to live up to its policy of printing only the best of the doings at N.

F. S. The best may vary according to likes and dislikes and the staff allowed for such variances.

The system of electing officers in effect since last year has had sufficient test to be found well-fitted to our needs. The attitude of the Student Body in supplying the needs of our magazine is without reproach.

To the staff I feel myself indebted for the interest displayed. There was no shirking to give an added burden to someone else. Taken as a whole, the Editor-in-Chief wishes to thank those who helped round out a successful year.

THE HENS AND THE JAZZ

On learning that hens never slumbered
As long as it seemed to be light,
We lighted our coops—and the chickens—poor dupes
Sat up and laid eggs all night.
But just as we found we were getting
The number of eggs we desired,
Being long without sleep, with a piteous peep,
They turned up their toes and expired.

Undaunted by one little failure
(Such failure as every one has)
We cheered up again when we heard that the hen
Is frightfully fond of the jazz.
“If hens are enlivened by music
They will jazz round the chicken coop floor,”
(So the author we read in his article said)
“And lay twice as fast as before.”

We therefore put in a piano
And, greatly delighted, we found
When we started to play in our rather crude way
That the hens began dancing around.
They swarmed from the yard by the hundred,
They crowded the windows and doors,
They danced till they dropped, but whenever we stopped
They would flap with their wings for encores.

And now (though afar in the distance)
Whenever a phonograph plays,
Or a street organ groans in lugubrious tones
Our hens thread the jazzian maze
And never an egg do they furnish;

The fowls simply can't spare the time.
 And hens are no use if they cannot produce,
 But their jazzing is really sublime.

A. B. C.

“FARM SCHOOL LIFE”

For three years I've dwelt at N. F. S.
 And had all the jobs that you could guess,
 When I was a Freshman, I worked in the shop,
 I helped make preserves, I helped carry slop,
 I helped clean cows, I spread a little manure,
 I worked for Harman Kraft, I worked for Mr. Toor.

I used to shell corn, I sweated in the mow
 And all this time I never raised a row.

But when I got to be a Junior, I took a little pride,
 Did you think I'd work and sweat, with a Freshman at
 my side?

Why no, I'd turn around and say, “Come here you
 little chap,
 Just pick up my shovel, while I stand around and yapp.”

And so I worked thruout the year,
 I cared for naught, I knew no fear

But when I reached my Senior term,
 I stopped a-fooling, my mind grew firm.

I “pulled legs” with Youngie, I tried to get P. G.,
 If ever Osty wanted advice, he always came to me.

But now I'm about to graduate,
 For me no more labor,

I'm going to the city, to work for a neighbor.
 In whose laundry, I'll iron shirts and ties,

And if I think of Farm School, It'll only be in sighs,
 And should I ever marry, I'll show you I'm no fool,

I'll do to my kids what dad did to me,
 I'll send them to old Farm School.

HIRSCH TOUFF, '21.

GLEANINGS

Rosett: “Some chicken, wasn't she?”

Ullman: “If she is a chicken she must be fowl.”

Finger: “Bird of a joke, ain't it?”

Mr. C.: “One of the unsolved mysteries is how
 Gelles ever passed his alegebra test.”

Reply: Each fellow aside of him had 100%.”

Frishkopf: "Somone stole a pair of shoes from me and only left the cover to the box."

Morris: "Maybe he left it to cover up his tracks."

Toffler: "Did you forget that you owe me some money?"

Krivosos: "Not yet, give me time and I will."

Mr. C. (to Finger): "Finger, I'll take you by the hair of your head and throw you out."

Someone: "Try that on Feder."

Mr. Escoll: "Skaist, how do you get down off an elephant?"

Skaist: "You can't, you get it off a goose."

It takes a wise father to know his own son—especially in Turkey.

Do you know the joke about the cootie?

No.

That's one on you.

EXCHANGE

Torch, Dcylestown High School, Doylestown, Pa.

Advocate, Boys' School, Plainfield, Ind.

Poly Life, Polytechnic Institute, Baltimore, Md.

Garnet and White, West Chester High, West Chester, Pa.

Beacon, Farm and Trades School, Boston, Mass.

Tuskegee Student, Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Georgia.

The Mirror, Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

Blue Bird, Richmond High, N. Y. C.

Mt. Airy World, Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, Philadelphia, Pa.

Blue Bird, Julia Richmond High, N. Y. C. You give a good account of the activities of your school. We were sorry to find so few jokes and such small athletic and alumnae departments.

Garnet and White, West Chester High, West Chester Pa. Literary material leads and is exceptionally good. Your football season was successful judging by the scores of the first five games. Your paper is interesting thruout.

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